The Cana oat Colony at Hoboken.

For real contentment there is only one thing that beats living on a canalboat affoat and that is living in a canalboat that will never float rgain, that has gone out of commission and become a houseboat on a mudflat.

There is an abode that is neither taxed at real estate nor levied on for tonnage dues. It is just a wreck, but a wreck with lace curtains at the windows, canary birds singing in the cabin, and the old cook stove

still blazing in the galley.

And in every well-ordered derelict there's a dog or two or three to increase living expenses and to keep the rats of the boat-hold out of the household, aft. But that enumeration suggests only the average, the middle class of a marine graveyard colony. In the cabin of the real quality folks who live on "lakers" there are always parrots with canal vocabularies to keep alive the memories of old-time repartee at

Less than two years ago there was a happy settlement of fifty or more families living on rotting lakers, scows and bull heads at the foot of Fifteenth street, Hoboken, but the improver came along with a dredge to convert part of their mud flat into good solid ground for warehouses and to dig out the rest of it for a ship basin. And the colonists had to fice before the digging and the dredging.

the hermit, the social leader of the colony,

paint every two years, and the upstart

move.

ve been a-boatin' sixty years," he
, "and this is the worst thing I've run
I of. It's worse than the insurance

company's bustin' and the wreck of my

same time.

"I had two as good grain boats as ever went through the canal and they were both insured. But a steamship cut into the tow one day and both my boats went down. And when I went ashore to get the insurance I found that the company

the insurance I found that the company had busted just the day before.

"I got a little somethin' out of the steamship and bought an old beat with it, but it got so leaky that I couldn't get a cargo, so I gave a towboat man \$5 to shove me in here on this mud flat and I've lived here and the I weather foundariof this culous.

erst ce. I was the founder of this colon All hands came over on my boat three years ago to my wife's funeral."

From his cabin Capt. Wade has a good

view of the open river, and the neighbors say that since his wife died he hasn't done

any that since his wife died he hash't done anything but sit on deck with a spygiass, looking at the long strings of canalboats and barges towing up and down stream.

Funerals in the colony are frequent and they always mean a lot of work for the men folk. They have to go out before the day of the service and make percebes on

men folk. They have to go out before the day of the service and make patches on the old wharf, because four men can't carry a coffin on their shoulders and at the same



A woman 50 years old or so, who hasn't lived in a house since she became the bride of a canalboat captain thirty years ago, was sitting at the door of her cabin the other day knitting blue yarn socks for the old man. The boat was light and lying at the foot of a North River pier when the tug came along, made fast and began to haul out into the stream. The woman happened to glance up from her needle just in time to see the pier

receding and then, not because she cared



a bit, but just for the sake of conversation

"Dam fino," replied Jim. "Yer kittle's boilin' over." Twon't hurt nothin', the potatoes are

But there was something after all to ma this thick peace and indifference as to what was going to happen next. The captain of the towboat was careless and he bumped

captain and his wife still on board and there will be no more bumps and jars to make a muss out of the knitting.

But there is cause for worry on the part of the boatmen and their families already retired from going and coming on the rivers and canals and for those, still in commission, who are looking forward to long years of rest with the boat bottoms hard and fast on the flats. The available mud spots are getting scarce and one colony of wreck dwellers after another is being ousted to

make room for improvement.



down here days.

"The last missioner that came down here fell half way through a hole, and if she hadn't weighed nigh onto 250 pounds she'd gone 'way through into the mud. There's some of her traits now stuffed in that crack over the window.

nothin' but do sums and read the Bible and old sermons.

"Tain't all figgers that he does sums in either, but he has letters. He says, 'Let x equal somethin' and y equal somethin' else,' and before yer know it he can tell how long his old boat will hold together if the tide ain't more'n so high z times a winter and there ain't more'n q rats a-gnawin' of the hull.

The cap'n's got a fiddle, too, and he plays for the parties we have visitin' round to one another's decks in the summer. I

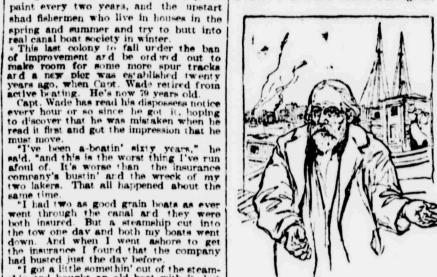
"I'VE BEEN BOATIN' SIXTY YEARS.

enough to write our own name, which ain't so, Cap'n Holly's got enough learnin' for a bigger fleet of scows than this.

"We're honest, too, and don't steal coal if the Erie does back their trains full of it right down here before our face and eyes on a cold night. We don't touch it. We just shop away at our own howe and get all

And only the other day the Erie man picked his way along the crumbling plank of an old wharf at the foot of Seventeenth Hoboken with nine dispossess notices in his pocket, one for each family in the last colony of canal boat families on the west shore of the North River. The Erie man served them all alike and made no distinction among the oldest old boatman, the hearmit the social leader of the colony, and final straiding on the flats of the houseboat.

houseboat.
"But we've got to get out," groaned who gives her cabin a fresh coat of green a caller from a boat beached alongs



she unfolded her dispossess notice and compared it once more with that of her hostess. "That Erie man ain't got any common sense. Hasn't every one of us caid \$1 a month for years for the privilege

raid \$1 a month for years for the privilege of being aground here?

"And now he comes rourd and cells us fool things like the party of the second part; he's the first part, and he thinks the whole thing. An', as if it wasn't enough to turn us out of house and home, he charges us all for court that we ain't never been to and on top of that chucks 30 cents more for what he calls mileage to Jersey City. You can go to Jersey City for a nickel.



COLONY OF WRECK-DWELLERS TO BE DISPOSSESSED.

the nose of the tug against the canalboat harder than was necessary. The jar knocked the ball of yarn out of the woman's lap and before she could recover it the cat jumped down from the cabin roof and snarled him-

Now that won't happen in a few years from now when the canal boal has got so baky that it isn't fit even for carrying Haverstraw bricks. Then she will be eached forever on the mud bank with the

The rotting pier is the boardwalk of the colony. It is also the common source of fuel supply. There are spur plank walks leading from it to the deck of each wreck. of course, horses and a hearse could never get down there, so when the end comes for any member of the colony the neighbors volunteer to board up enough holes to make a reasonably safe path and then a guide walks ahead of the bearers to the waiting hearse a quarter of a mile

to the waiting hearse a quarter of a mile

"That rotten old wharf ain't so bad a

all got to turn to and live in houses and pay rent and buy coal, 'cause you can't chop up a piece of your house for kindling."

"Yes," interrupted the his ess, with a sigh, "and there's them janitors. I called on a cousin of mine once that lived in a house and she was having such a row with a man that I thought he must be her husband, and I up and told her that she ought to get a divorce. She just laughed and to get a divorce. She just laughed and

says: 'Lor', me, that's the janitor.'"

NEW YORK'S SAFE STREETS.

Less Than One-sixth as Many Accidents

Here as in London's Highways. London is now the only city with which, in the matter of vital statistics, New York can be compared, for London is the only city which exceeds New York in population and the only city in which the general conditions are similar. A recent bulletin published in London reveals the startling fact that although the control by the police of traffic in London

sons lose their lives every week upon the

sons lose their lives every week upon the highways there.
In round figures 4,000 persons are killed each year in the highways of London. In New York city the number of deaths from street accidents of all kinds, as shown bbthe Board of Health returns, is only 600. London's population is 6,500,000; New York's is 3,500,000, and at the same ratio the number of deaths in the streets would be

York's is 3.500,000, and at the same ratio the number of deaths in the streets would be 2,200 instead of 600 as it is.

The Board of Health records show the number of fatalities in New York streets, all boroughs, to average 150 a year from being run over by wagons, trucks or carts, 25 by automobiles, 50 by falls from wagons or trucks, and 300 by casualties caused by

railroads, electric, trolley, steam or elevated. Much of the travel in London is done underground and is freed, therefore, from any danger from street accidents, whereas in New York nearly all the travel is done at grade and the speed at which can are run would seem to be much more pro vocative to danger to pedestrians than the vocative to danger to pedestrians than the slow-moving and constantly stopping Lon-don stages and the easily directed cabs. Nevertheless, the casualties occurring in New York are relatively very much fewer than those in London, and despite the large increase in travel and in speed the ratio of accidents on New York highways is steadily declining. In London the figures remain stationary.

you might think," said one of the women members of the colony. "You see, it's so full of holes that thieves don't dare come down here at night, and the missionaries and folks like that botherin' people with fool notions are too squeamish to come down here days. GREAT SOUTH BAY SCOOTER A HANDY WINTER CRAFT.

> by Long Islanders to Meet Local Neets -Used by Sportsmen and Life Savers Too-The Craft is Very Speedy.

some of her traits now stuffed in that crack over the window.

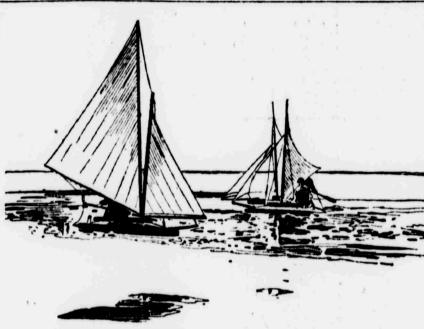
"But you mustn't think that we are sinful folks just because we don't like to have busybodies pokin' around aboard the boats and actin' as if they thought we were heathen. We ain't sinful in particular, and we ain't so all powerful ignorant as you might think, an' we ain't what you'd call slums.

"There's old Cap'n Holly on that bullhead boat over there with the green and blue cabin, that's probably got more book learnin' than half the folks on shore. We call him the hermit 'cause he's lived alone over there for fifteen years and don't do nothin' but do sums and read the Bible and old sermons. For thirty years the Great South Bay scooter" has been nosing its way to the front. On Saturday when a big free-for-all regatta for scooters is to be held off Patchogue or Bellport, ice and weather permitting, it will take i s place among the recognized sailing and ice skimming craft of Long

Resembling a miniature whale back, the

SAILS ON ICE AND WATER, TOO countered at almost any point. This condition has relegated the los boat to the past on the Great South Bay, while its nodest rival, the scooter, began to work its way into the estimation of the baymen. Beginning its career as a "Barnegat sneak boat" which was sailed through open stretches of water, poled over ice floes and was equipped for a race through water and over ice at a speed of a mile in two minutes, there has emerged the full fledged scooter with mainsail and jib, a stanch hull for water and two runners, six feet long, to carry the boat skimming over the ice.

Seen from the shore, a fleet of "scooters" skimming over ice flees and ducking into and sailing over open stretches of water, not unlike a lot of huge sea gulls. In the cockpit, with head and shoulders alone visible, sits the master of the boat guiding the craft by a skilful manipulation of the jib, while he brings her about by leaning raft is a combination water and ice boat. I his weight toward the bow and keeps her



SAILING IN THE OPEN WATER BETWEEN ICE FLOES.

Like a seal it is equally at home in or on either and having successfully weathered the ridicule of its opponents during a long period of probation, it seems to have come

In summer the native Long Islanders keep boarders, take out fishing and boating parties and hunt the gay and festive mos-When the first cold snap of fall begins sending the trurks of visitors citysummer craft, that is his hotel, out of com-

off by simply leaning his weight on the

The boats are only intended to carry one man, owing to the limited space in the cockpit, but each of the scooters wil really carry two men with ease and safety, and the new one just built for Capt. Wil-liam Kream r of Bellport will carry three

Equipped with a pair of oars, a shor ward the nautical hotelkeeper puts his ice pike, and a long combination ice pole and scoop the captain of the scooter is



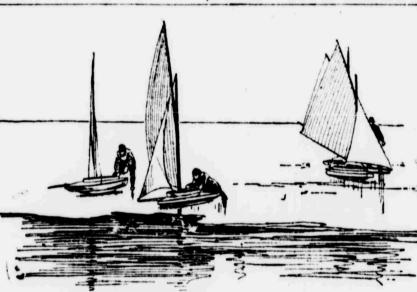
FLEET ON AN ICE FLOE.

broad expanse of Great South Bay, with the supercargo safely seated in the forward surf of old ocean booming along the out- | part of the cockpit, the captain starts his

odd gaps. But there are times when, owing o the choppy ice and half frozen condition of the bay, even clamming and ovstering is of. re suspended. Then the scooter has its

nission and turns his eyes for sport to the | ready for a trip across the bay. With his ward line of defence formed by the long scooter of the inclined side of an ice floe, sand bar. Oystering and clamming at once become giving his sled a start to take what is known popular, and duck shooting helps to fill in to the juvenile sporting world as a "bellywhopper." With a running start he springs on to the back of his craft and the scooter

Across the ice the craft skims at a twominute clip and at full speed plunges into



START OFF AN ICE FLOE.

Great climatic changes have been wrought along this coast in recent years and the old fashioned winters which the oldest inhabitants remember, prevail no longer along he south side of Long Island. In those days the Great South Bay was frozen from shore to shore so that it resembled a great shimmering mirror. At times the ico was so thick and safe that trotting matches were held on its smooth surface.

But within the last thirty years the winers have greatly moderated. Ice boating became a dangerous pastime. It rarely happened that the bay was frozen over evenly and air holes and broad stretches of open water encountered here and there made the sport extremely hazardous, without reckoning the great patches of thin reacherous ice to be unexpectedly en-

ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING NOW.

No Dull Seasons in New York's Yearly Round Such as There Used to Be.

"I can remember very well," said a man

who is himself not very ancient yet, "a

ime when we used to have periods of com-

parative quiet in the city; one of these being

he midsummer season, and the other a

time in midwinter immediately after the

little let-up, in business, anyway; but now

activity appears to extend continuously

by this fact in the present winter season.

as packed, and trade apparently as good,

ever since the holidays. I looked to see a

The streets are as crowded, and the cars

right now as at any time; and it's been so

little drop for a few days, anyway, right

around the year.

oliday season, when there used to be a

"I have been particularly impressed

an open reach of water ahead. The shall low bow dips lightly and the water scarcely ripples across the deck. The speed of the boat is retarded somewhat by the sudden plunge into the water, but she imme diately gathers headway and without hesita tion her captain steers her straight for a threatening ice floe.

Instead of a shock there is a gentle gliding undulating movement as the shallow bow of the scooter mounts the floe, and in an instant the craft is again skimming over the ice. This alternation of ice and water marks the trip across the bay. Seven miles from Patchogue to the outer beach is accomplished in about fifteen minutes When the winds fails the boats are rowed through the water with oars, hauled on to the ice fire by means of the ice scoop an?

to be, as I can remember, times, the mid-

summer time, for a month after Fourth of

July particularly, when news was slack;

but there's no stack time in newspaper

now: they're just full of news now the

year round; never any dull times any more

busy all the time. They are like the city

in that respect; for now there's something

"The city has grown so big that its own

busy all the time. And the then city,

marvellous now in its greatness and in its

manifold attractions, draws more visitors

than ever. They are here from every-

where, and many thousands in number all the time, at all seasons.

And so what with the unbroken activities

doing here always.

little drop for a few days, anyway, right after Christmas and New Year's, a reaction from the holiday strain; but there wasn't tude of visitors, there are no longer any dull.

there used to be, but New York is 1 coming all the year round, and all the time getting busier and more crowded." they are still, just a booming right along. "It's the same now with the newspapers as it is with everything else. There used

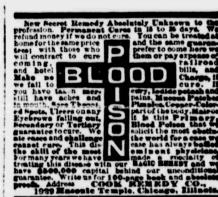
ORANGES FROM MEXICO. Earlier Than the California Crop and Some People Say They Are Better.

According to a wholesale fruit dealer downtown, more fine fruit has been shipped to this city from Mexico this year than in any previous season. Chief among the fruit is the Mexican orange, which reaches the Eastern markets several weeks before people, or some of them, at any rate, keep the California product. Many persons consider it fully as good an orange as the California orchards can produce.

The average Mexican oranges are sold here for from \$3,50 to \$3 a box, wholesale. One carload this winter brought \$8.65 a box. That is said to be the record price for th

Mexican oranges.

The Mexican lemons, grape fruit and other fruits have also had a good market this year in New York, according to fruit dealers.



The runners are placed about two feet apart, and although six feet long they cu we up with the stern and bow of the crait and in

consequence when on the ice have a bearing surface of only thirty inches.

keep up to date by reading the Fashion Notes and studying the dress illustrations printed and THE EVENING SUN.-4de.

are then poled across. They are abso- the style of a man driving a spirited horse.

serious accident has been reported. That appened the other day to two men who had taken aboard too much ballast from a local hostelry before boarding their scooter for a trip across the bay. Presuming upon the docility of the "scooter" they neglected properly to ballast the boat with their weight, with the result that in endeavoring to mount an ice floe the scooter's bow ducked underneath the floe and the craft

began to fill.

The cries of alarm of the drowning occupants were heard by others on the bay, and these bore down at full speed in their

and these bore down at full speed in their scooters and the leaders picked off the men as they passed, leaving the rescue of the sinking scooter to the boats that followed.

The scooter is the product of numberless experiments and a multiplicity of ideas of which every man along the South Side claims a share. Its present perfection, however, is probably due in a great degree to the life-saving crews along the outer beach to whom the craft nowadays is quite as much a part of their equipment and necessary to their comfort as the surf boat and the station house. In the dead of winter when the bay is a mass of grinding, choking ice with no means of communication with the mainland, save by a journey of miles along the narrow strip of sand, the crews frequently suffered for the want of provisions and, in case of acci-

lutely safe, so the element of danger is eliminated.

Since coming into general use only one craft then rounds up like a two-year-old colt. the captain jumps out, places his ice pike beneath the runners and the scooter is at anchor.

While not forming a part of the equipment furnished to the life saving stations by the Government, every station along the outer beach has one or two scooters by

private ownership.

Many rescues of capsized boatmen and shipwrecked gunners in the bays have been made by the life savers in their queer boats, but as the scooter is not enumerated as part of the Government equipment these



CROSSING AN ICE FLOE.

dent or sickness, for medical attendance. Years ago, realizing that some means of communication with the mainland in winter must be supplied, Arthur Dominy, then superintendent of the life-saving station had his attention attracted to the "sneakboat" used by duck gunners. He experimented until finally a flat bottom boat with runners attached was launched on the bay. In certain winds this boat proved a wonder. But it was built after the manner of iceboats in that the runners were bevelled outward, so when the wind was on the beam the boat would not hold, but slid sidewise. So a boatbuilder, just by the way of

quite one hundred in the Great South Bay, but no owner has yet thought of giving his craft a name. When asked the name of his boat the other day an old bayman replied, "Just scooter; that's all."

Another peculiar feature is that thus far the craft and all its parts have escaped the Patent Office. No one has thus far sought to have the contrivance patented, so every bayman is privileged to build his own scooter and utilize the ideas and contrivances evolved by others.

Duck hunting from a scooter is sport un-

Duck hunting from a scooter is sport unequalled on the bay. Around the outer edge of the deck runs a rim of wood about an inch high. All scooters utilized for duck hunting a epainted white and the gunner attires himself in light clothes. On arriving at the gunning grounds, he takes in his sails, packs



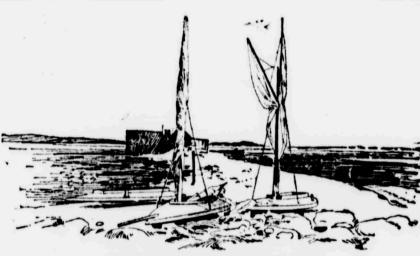
SHOWING THE INSIDE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BOAT.

doing things contrary fashion, turned the bevel of the runners inward, and the probem was solved. Then the baymen enoyed the novelty of seeing the windward

ice around the deck of his boat, and with his decoys out and himself safely hidden he is practically safe from observation by the game of which he is in quest. As the scooter is quickly handled he experiences little

joyed the novelty of seeing the windward runner hold the boat to its course, the reverse of accepted theories governing craft of this kind. All boats to-day are built with the runners bevelled toward the centre of the boat.

The runners underneath each boat are six feet long, tapering with both bow and stern are pointed, so they resemble a big clamshell with both ends whittled to points and with a cockpit cut in the upper side of the shell and two runners nailed on the bottom. They are stanch, being fastened together with screws instead of nails to withstand the jolting and jarring they receive in sliding on and off ice packs. The average weight is about 200 pounds.



SCOOTERS MOORED ON THE SHORE.

o glide over the spongy ice scarcely leaving a trail.

First the boat was sailed with a jib only. but it was soon found that a mainsail added

to speed without endangering the efficiency or safety of the craft. Baymen who can steer a sailboat by simply manipulating certain sails, have no thought about providing the scooter with a rudder, so her captain simply sits in the cockpit holding a rope attached to the jib, and with this he directs his amphibious craft much after an er, of Peilpert, who had enarge of a scooter one shi sition at a recent sportsmen's show in Mannattan:

"Why don't yer put wheels on ther critter and sail up Broadway?" directs his amphibious craft much after an'sail up Broadway?"